

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 5d.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. GYE has the honour to announce that the

### NEW THEATRE WILL OPEN

ON  
SATURDAY, MAY 15,

On which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

### LES HUGUENOTS.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIFTH SEASON, 1858-59.—

The New Season commences THIS DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 1st. SEASON TICKETS, available to the 30th April, 1859, are now ready, PRICE ONE GUINEA; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets will admit to the Palace on the following occasions, viz:—

The Opening Musical and Floricultural Display on May 1 (this day).  
The Festival of the National School Choral Society.  
The Three Grand Flower Shows in May, June, and September (five days in all).  
The Performances of the Paris Garde Nationale.  
The Series of Classical and Miscellaneous Concerts.  
The Grand Display of the Great Water-works.  
The Grand Choral Display by the Handel Festival Chorus, Military Bands, &c.  
The Concerts of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and of the Bradford Choral Association.  
The Poultry and other Shows.

The Lectures.

The Saturday Floral Promenades and Fountain Displays.

And on all ordinary days.

While thus meeting the public in so liberal a spirit, in the prices and privileges of the Season Tickets, the directors reserve to themselves the power of withholding the right of admission to these tickets, on any special days, not exceeding six in number, during the year. On any occasions on which this power may be exercised, at least seven days previous notice will be given.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SEASON TICKETS FOR

1858-59, One Guinea; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets are now ready for issue, and may be obtained at the Railway and Centre Transient entrances of the Crystal Palace; at the Offices of the London and Brighton Railway Company, London Bridge, and Regent Circus, Piccadilly; at the West-end Railway Station at Finsbury; at the Central Ticket-office, 2, Exeter Hall; and of the usual agents to the Company.  
Remittances for Season Tickets to be by Cheque or Post Office Order, payable to George Grove.

Full programmes of the season may now be had of all the agents.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL SCHOOL CHORAL FESTIVAL, IN AID OF THE CHURCH SCHOOLMASTERS' AND MISTRESSES' BENEVOLENT FUND.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF  
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF CARLISLE.

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

And a large number of the Prelates, Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of the Metropolis.

The Committee of the National School Choral Society have determined upon holding a GREAT CHORAL FESTIVAL, on Saturday, May 8, at the Crystal Palace. The Children will perform in the orchestra erected for the Great Handel Festival, and the Committee entertain the confident belief that the display will not disappoint the expectations of the numerous and almost unprecedented body of patrons who have honoured them with their support.

The Orchestra will consist of nearly 5,000 of the Children, Pupil Teachers, and Teachers of National and Endowed Schools of the Metropolis and its immediate vicinity, and will be aided by the full Band of the Royal Military Asylum.

The Performance will consist of a carefully arranged Selection of Sacred and Secular Music, commencing at Three o'clock, portions of which will be accompanied by the organ erected for the Great Handel Festival.

Tickets of admission, 2s. 6d. each;—10 Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra; or to Patrons' Reserved Stalls, 5s. extra; may be had at the Crystal Palace; or to the Central Office, 2, Exeter Hall; and of the usual agents.

Full particulars may be obtained, and plans of seats inspected, at the Office of the National School Choral Society, No. 2, Exeter Hall.

Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Organist, Mr. BROWNSMITH.

Treasurer, Mr. E. A. WAUGH.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni,

Giuglini, Violetti, and Mattioli.—IL TROVATORE.—On Tuesday, May 4th, will be revived Verdi's opera IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madlle. Titiens; Azucena, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season); Manrico, Sig. Giuglini; Ferrando, Sig. Violetti; and Il Conte di Luna, Sig. Mattioli (his first appearance in England). And new Ballet, entitled FLEUR DES CHAMPS; the principal parts by Madlles. Pocchini and Annetta.

On Thursday next, May 6th, an extra night, will be repeated IL TROVATORE. And new Ballet FLEUR DES CHAMPS.

A limited number of boxes have been reserved for the public. Price 21s. and 31s. 6d. each; may be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

## MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND

LAST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 12th, at Half-past Eight, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.

On this occasion, Miss Goddard will have the honour of performing, among other pieces, Weber's Grand Sonata in E minor; Fugues by Handel, Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Mendelssohn; and BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SONATA IN B FLAT, Op. 106.

Reserved Places, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-publishers.

## MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his

friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday, May the 24th, supported by the most eminent artists.

## SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI,

and MR. CHARLES BRAHAM (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

## MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples,

Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

## MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTER-

TAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

## V. R.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,  
AND  
THE ROYAL FAMILY.

DR. MARK begs most respectfully to announce that he is open to engagements with his highly approved, interesting, pleasing, and instructive

## MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

ENTITLED

## DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN,

numbering upwards of thirty Instrumentalists, and a most effective Chorus, the whole forming a most complete and unique

## JUVENILE ORCHESTRA,

COMPOSED OF

Little English, Irish, and Scotch boys, from five to sixteen years of age, who play operatic selections, solos, duets, quartets, quadrilles, marches, and polkas; and sing songs, choruses, &c., in a most effective manner, and to whom he gives a gratuitous general and musical education in order to illustrate his highly approved system of musical education, and with whom he travels about the country to excite an interest for and help to establish musical institutions called "Conservatoires of Music" for little children in every town, city, and village of this great empire.

All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or to the under-mentioned places of engagements.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 3 and 4, at Tewkesbury.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 5, at Cushtenham.

**HERR REICHARDT**, 23, Alfred-place West, Brompton.

**JOHN WEIPPERT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.**  
Address 21, SOHO-SQUARE.

**MADAME SZAVARDY** (Wilhelmina Clauss) has arrived in London for the season. Communications to be addressed to Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

**SECOND-HAND ORGANS FOR SALE.**—Messrs. FORSTER AND ANDREWS, Organ-builders, Hull, have several second-hand Church and Chamber Organs for sale in thorough repair. Price and particulars forwarded on application to Forster and Andrews, Organ-builders, Hull.

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

**SIGNOR LUCCHESI**, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

**RÉUNION DES ARTS.**—Herr Goffrie respectfully informs the members of his orchestra that the **FIRST REHEARSAL** (full band) will take place on Wednesday evening, May 5, at half-past seven o'clock precisely, at 76, Harley-street.

**REUNION des ARTS**, 76, Harley-street.—The members are respectfully informed that the **SOIREEES MUSICALES** of the **EIGHTH SEASON** will commence on the 19th May, and will embrace some new features, viz., an orchestra and choir, comprehending the best amateur talent, &c. There are vacancies for a few (amateur) stringed and wind instruments. For further particulars, apply to Herr Goffrie, 61, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

**MR. CHARLES HALLÉ** begs respectfully to announce that he will resume his Piano-forte Recitals, at his residence, 22, Chesam-place, Belgrave-square, on Thursday, May 13th, to commence at three o'clock. Subscription for the Series of Three Matinees, One guinea. Subscribers' names received at Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street, R. Olivier's, Old Bond-street, and at Mr. Hallé's residence.

**MR. AGUILAR** begs to announce that he will give a Matinée Musicale at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24. Vocalists.—Miss Lindo (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marras. Instrumentalists.—Herr Jansa, M. Clementi, Herr Goffrie, M. Pague, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single tickets, 7s., to be had at all the principal music publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

**HERR OBERTHUR'S MORNING CONCERT** will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, the 8th of May. Artists: Madame Ferrari, Miss Stabbach, Signor Ferrari. Piano, Miss Freeth; Harps, Miss Chatterton, Miss R. Vinning, and Miss Freeth (who will perform a Nocturne for three harps); Concertina, Signor Regondi; Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Conductors, Herr W. Ganz and Herr Pirscher. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., to be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Oberthur, 14, Cottage-road, Westbourne-terrace North, W.

**HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER** has the honour to announce that his **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, 12th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists.—Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Santley; Piano-forte.—Herr Adolph Schloesser. The orchestra will be on the most complete scale. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Numbered Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had at all the Principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schloesser, 53, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, W.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—By Command.—Under the immediate patronage of the QUEEN and of the ROYAL FAMILY, and also of the Patrons and Patronesses of the Royal Academy of Music, A **GRAND EVENING CONCERT**, which Her Majesty has signified her gracious intention of honouring with her presence, will take place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 23rd of June. A list of the Ladies Patronesses, of whom alone vouchers can be obtained, to be exchanged for tickets, for the area of the hall, in which Her Majesty and the Royal Visitors will be seated, will be shortly published. Further particulars of the concert will be duly announced.

**AN EVENING WITH BEETHOVEN.**—MR. CHAS. SALAMAN, at the request of his pupils, will repeat his **CONCERT LECTURE** on BEETHOVEN and his COMPOSITIONS, at his residence, 36, Baker-street, W., on Tuesday evening, May 4, at half-past eight o'clock. Piano-forte, Mr. Salaman; Violin, Herr Deichmann. Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Vocalist, Miss Eliza Hughes. A limited number of tickets, at 5s., to be had only of Mr. Salaman.

**MR. FERDINAND GLOVER** (principal baritone to the Pyne and Harrison opera company) will return to town for the season on the 3rd of May. All communications to be left at Cadby's Music Warehouse, 42, New Bond-street; or at Louis's Hotel, 10, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

**HARP MATINÉE.**—Mr. TRUST begs to announce that his Second Harp Concert will take place on Wednesday next, May 5th, at his residence 13, Portsdown-road, Maida-vale, commencing at Three o'clock, when he will be assisted by the following artists:—Miss Marian Prescott, Miss Marie Salzman; Messrs. Lyall, R. Sidney Pratten, Jarrett, Standen, and Herr Oberthur.

**ONE OF THE FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD**  
TO BE SOLD,

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CHURCH, CATHEDRAL, OR GRAND MUSIC HALL.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.**

J. DISTIN'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

"I feel great pleasure in recommending Mr. SHERR as a manager of Concerts. I engaged him to arrange my Concert, on the 19th September, 1857. The result was highly satisfactory, there being upwards of Twenty Thousand persons assembled on the occasion."  
"J. DISTIN."

**CONCERT AGENCY, &c.**—MR. VAN PRAAG tenders his thanks to his patrons and friends for the liberal encouragement he has for so many years received, and begs to inform them he still continues the management of concerts, matinees, soirées, &c., &c.—All communications addressed to him, at Mr. Brettell's, 25, Rupert-street, Haymarket, will be duly attended to.

**MR. W. W. GRICE** begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 18, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

**THE NUN'S PRAYER.**—An Illustrated Edition of this Popular Piece is published this day, price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

**CZERNY, WALLACE, AND HAMILTON.**—Czerny's 101 **ELEMENTARY STUDIES** (the most perfect edition), with notes by Hamilton; together with 20 new five-finger exercises, and six new exercises for the left hand alone; composed by Carl Czerny expressly for this edition; to which is added the favourite Rose Bud Polka, by W. Vincent Wallace. 21st edition, beautifully engraved on extra-sized plates, music folio, two parts, each 4s.; or complete, 8s. N.B. Ask for Robert Cocks and Co.'s edition.—London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

**CZERNY, WALLACE, AND HAMILTON.**—Czerny's **ETUDE DE LA VELOCITE** (the most perfect edition), with notes by Hamilton; together with nine new introductory exercises, and a new study on octaves, composed by Carl Czerny expressly for this edition; to which is added a favourite "Nocturne," by W. Vincent Wallace. 22nd edition, beautifully engraved on extra-sized plates, music folio, two parts, each 6s.; or complete in one, 10s. 6d. N.B. Ask for Robert Cocks and Co.'s edition.—London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

**THE MODERN GUIDE TO THE STAGE, OR, AMATEURS' INSTRUCTION BOOK**, describing and teaching all the arts and Phases—Physically and Elocutionary, in Love, Despair, Grief, Jealousy, Madness, Remorse, Rage, Hatred, Revenge, Joy, Hypocrisy, Tyranny, and Villany; with all the more elegant points in Opera, Burlesque, and Comedy, necessary to specially qualify young persons of both sexes for this lucrative and pleasant profession. Also the Names and Residences of Managers and their Theatres all over the Kingdom, the Colonies, and the United States. This new work (warm from the press), and never before in print, will be sent to any Address free by post for twelve post stamps—punctually per return post. Direct Fisher and Son, Kingsland, London. Established 1847.

**SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK** on the **CULTIVATION** of the VOICE and SINGING is now published, price 6s., and may be had at his residence, Devonshire Lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place, and at all the principal music sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—Daily News. "There is more sense in this work than we find in nine out of ten publications of a similar kind."—Athenaeum. "Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—Critics. "Here is a really sensible work."—Musical World.

## THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY EVENING SERVICES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

London, 27th April, 1858.

SIR,—From a statement which appeared in several of the daily papers last Monday, one would be led to suppose that the service at Westminster Abbey, last Sunday evening, had been disgracefully interrupted and quite put out by the conduct, or rather misconduct, of the organist, at least the following extract would seem to imply it:

"When the reverend gentleman had reached about the middle of the first lesson, the organ struck up with IMMENSE VIGOUR, to the no small astonishment of Mr. Frere himself."

It is really too bad that such gross misrepresentations should find their way into the papers; the "immense vigour" referred to being nothing else than the accidental touching of one of the notes, and the consequent emission of a sound, which lasted not more than a few seconds.

I was rather astonished next morning on being complimented by several persons on the disgraceful manner in which the service had been done, and was still more astonished on being referred to one of the morning papers for a confirmation of the same.

Whoever the individual may chance to be, whose duty it is to report the proceedings at the Abbey Evening Services, he has proved himself entirely unequal to the task, for some weeks back it was stated in one of the leading papers that "the choir acquitted itself well, being under the superintendence of Mr. Helmore," or some words to that effect.

Mr. Helmore has nothing more to do with the superintendence of the choir than your own good self.

It is true that he has kindly permitted the Chapel Royal Boys to sing there, and we have the honour of reckoning him among our number; and it is also too true that should any particular point be taken up too soon, or any particular note held on too long, it can generally be traced to the end seat, back row, of the Dean's side.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

## ON THE PROJECTED ERECTION OF HANDEL'S MONUMENT AT HALLE.

WHEN Handel's statue, in famed Halle town,

On lofty pedestal, is placed before us,

A music-fête no doubt the day will crown,

And then they'll sing the HALLE-lujah Chorus.

EDWARD HALE.

[Two things are to be regretted in surveying the above ingenious and spirited impromptu—first, that the poet's patronymic should only contain one L; next, that the poet should have neglected to dedicate his inspiration to M. Hallé, who plays the music of Handel so skilfully. Only fancy—Halle (the birth-place of Handel); Hallé (the performer of Handel's Suites); Halle-lujah—the chorus in Handel's *Messiah*; and (Edward) Halle (Handel's centenary poet). The lyrical *jeu-d'esprit* would have been perfect—(ly worthy of Mr. Haydn Wilson), and might have circulated in the "Halles."—ED. M. W.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Her Majesty, who takes the greatest interest in this institution, has intimated to the Earl of Westmoreland her command that a grand evening concert be given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, the 23rd of June, at which the Queen and Prince Albert will be present. A committee will be formed to issue vouchers for the centre of the hall, which will be occupied by the Royal visitors. The organisation of the programme, to render it worthy of such an occasion, will be carefully attended to. Not only will the past and present students, the former comprising the most eminent professors, vocal and instrumental, assist, but the co-operation of the leading artistes, native and foreign, will be called into play. Mr. Costa will be the conductor. The event cannot fail to excite universal interest in musical circles.

## THE THEATRES IN ITALY.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

No. I.

I PROMISED you in my last from this place some observations on the system of management which prevails in nearly all the Italian theatres, and also on the conduct towards English artists of a certain "Signor Curtani" of Pavia. Among the many causes which are hastening the "decadence" of the lyric art in Italy, the greatest is, perhaps, the immoral and thoroughly ignorant way in which the theatres are conducted. A theatre is naturally a field for envy and jealousy, and we readily concede that some of our own may not be patterns of morality; but God forbid they should be the Augean stables which most Italian theatres represent. One of our popular modern authors has, however, observed that "the English make a noise about immorality, while the Italians think nothing of it, because vice is our episode, but their epic." \*

It is, in the first place, necessary to state that all the engagements for the theatres in Italy are made by a set of men who swarm in the capital cities, and are called "*agenti teatrali*." These "theatrical agents," with few exceptions, are the "foot-pads" upon the artists' road. With regard to male singers, they sell engagements to the highest bidder in the shape of "commission," independent of fitness or ability, which keeps the poor, and perhaps more talented, singer out of the field. The female artist, it is notorious (and these gentlemen make no secret of the "mysteries" of their profession), too commonly purchases the honour of being on Mr. A. or Mr. B.'s list by sacrifices that shall be nameless.

An Italian *impresario* is generally a jack-of-all-trades,—now an hotel-keeper, now a pastry-cook, now a bankrupt, now starting up again, and exclaiming, like Tate Wilkinson to Tony Lebrun the actor, "Cus-a-God, Tony, I'm a manager!"† Sometimes he is a man with a little judgment, but no money; at others with a little money, but no judgment. In the first case, he borrows the "needful" of some friend, who is "a damn'd unconscionable dog," and charges him awful interest, keeping him completely under his thumb; in the second, he is sure to be surrounded by a set of intriguing charlatans connected with the theatre, who, under the pretext of devotion to his interests, swindle him right and left, and, when his means are exhausted, shake him off, and call him "*asino*!" A practice prevails in Italy when an *impresario* takes a theatre, great or small, of "going round with the hat"—the contributors to the "hat" being for the most part the same persons from season to season. These chiefly consist of respectable tradesmen or persons of the city or town who are fond of music, and form the only intelligent and honest part of the "direction" of the theatre; for as such their contribution entitles them to be considered. They are entitled "Socios." Thus we have Manager No. 1, Mr. *Impresario*, in his own person; Managers No. 2, the Socios; and Managers No. 3, the "Direction," or, as it is designated in several theatres, "the Noble Direction!" This improper power behind the throne—the more improper because irresponsible—is a fatal stumbling-block in the progress of the lyric art, and highly injurious to the interests of the honourable artists, as well as ruinous to managers. "The Noble Direction" is omnipotent. The operas to be performed, the singers to be engaged, must eventually meet with its high and mighty approval. Its members are the Solons—the Macenas (I feel tempted to write the Midases) of the theatres.

And of what materials, you will naturally ask, is this enlightened body composed? In the first place, of such of the aristocracy as hold shares or interest in the theatre; next, of some of the Government officials (the theatres in Italy being under their surveillance); and lastly, of two or three conceited "*dilettante*." The first rarely take an active part—and are to be commended for their good sense; the second are generally passive, except on important occasions; but the last are always thrusting themselves forward, as if to prove that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The period for the exercise of this despotic power is generally reserved for the *gran prova* (last rehearsal), when

\* Bulwer.

† See Riley's *Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor*.



according to the unwholesome regulations of Italian theatres, the direction may "protest" any of the artists; and against such decision neither manager nor artist has any appeal. Thus, if the manager has engaged a singer who does not bow down and worship Mr. Director, or has refused to engage the *prima donna* of his recommendation (and the "actives" have always some "*chère amie*" at hand)—no matter the talent of the artist—no matter however satisfied the manager and disinterested judges may be of their ability—the moment for the gratification of vanity, spite, or malevolence has arrived, and the singer is "protested;" the theatre must be closed until another singer is "up" in the part, and if the "protested" artist be a *débutante*, or even young in the profession, a serious, a fatal, an irrecoverable blow is inflicted. We well know that the ability of judging may exist separately from the power of execution. An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should always be an amateur; and it therefore behoves the *dilettanti* to exhibit some show of modesty—some evidence of education—when they take upon themselves to issue fiat against professional artists, the result of which may be to deprive them of their means of support, and to blast their prospects of fame and emolument, for which they have anxiously laboured during years of laborious study.

It is of one of these misnamed "*lovers of art*"—one of these Italian *dilettanti*—a gentleman who does the *buffo* business in musical *soirées*, and attempts "subterranean bass"—that I have now to speak. His conduct towards an English artist during the last Carnival season at Pavia merits severe reprehension.

A young English lady, who has been studying the Italian school of music here for upwards of four years, and possesses high qualifications, was engaged by the manager of the theatre at Pavia directly he heard her sing, to make her *début* at his theatre. The rehearsals were progressed to the satisfaction of all; but after the *gran prova* was concluded, forth came the delegated representative of the "noble direction," who does utility business in the comedy of the *Judgment of Midas* at Pavia, and thus spoke the oracle:—"The *prima donna* is English—we must have another." "But why—why?" was anxiously demanded by the frightened manager; "she has a fine voice, sings well, with taste and feeling, and is evidently a good musician." The oracle looked rather blank; but, after ruminating for some moments, thus delivered himself: "The *prima donna* is deficient in acting." (No wonder;—the *prima donna* was a *débutante*.) In vain the manager, director of the orchestra, and the *socios* all urged and pleaded, "Try her—try her!" No;—the sentence had been passed—the English girl should not sing—Signor Curtani says so—the "lover of art" protests against the *Inglese*!

Now let us pause, to ask this magnanimous connoisseur if he be aware how completely he stultified himself. We leave him in possession of whatever gratification he may feel at the success of his narrow-minded prejudice against English talent, and tell him that to "protest" a lyric artist—a *débutante*, too—at a rehearsal (when we all know singers rarely or never act) was equal in point of justice to "protesting" a painter before he has touched the canvas—a sculptor before he has used the chisel—to declare a battle lost before a sword was drawn, or the enemy in sight. Was the "Daniel" of Pavia in possession of the fact, that many of the first singers that ever existed (including several of his own countrymen), after long practice, and even up to the close of their career, were *bad* actors, and that even the great Rubini, in the zenith of his fame (except in moments of apparent inspiration), was a perfect "stick" on the stage? The true artist will always bow with deference to the opinion of the public, and strive to remedy faults, but it is heartbreaking (especially for a tyro) to be debarred from the only legitimate tribunal by a private enemy, a bigot, or a charlatan.

I am both sorry and reluctant to state, that conduct like Signor Curtani's finds but too many imitators among his countrymen; some of whom, from their education, position in society, and knowledge of the manner in which Italian artists are received in London, ought to know better. But the enemies of English artists in Italy are engaged in a hopeless task. Where genius and talent exist, they are not to be crushed, but will eventually make way through a hundred obstacles.

When will respectable, fair-judging Italians rouse themselves, and shake off these plague-spots, these illiberal "cliques," that justly create so much prejudice against them in the minds of intelligent foreigners? Italian public! hear, that you may judge; and where there is talent, foster it, encourage it—no matter the country whence it comes. The days of monopoly are gone. Look truth boldly in the face, and acknowledge that your *prestige* is at any rate diminished. Do this frankly, and you will then deserve and receive the respect and the sympathy of English artists, and your beautiful land still continue to be honoured as the "Mother of Art."

P.S.—I propose in my next to speak of the *professional Italian cabal* against English artists in Italy, and also of certain parties who go over to England to fulfil lucrative engagements every season, and then return to Milan to abuse the English, and join in the conspiracies against the English singers here. They will perhaps take the hint. Your correspondent has his eye upon them.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 261.)

A FEW dozen strokes of the oars and we turned a bend in the river, and seemed to be floating in a lake of liquid blacking fringed with a forest of combs; for the stems of the mangrove bushes having been denuded of their leaves, looked more like those useful adjuncts of the nursery than anything else I can think of. By degrees, however, there came a patch of *terra-firma*, then fewer mangroves, then an old banana or plaintain-tree, with great rich, lazy, half-broken leaves, just trembling as that ring-tailed monkey scampers off, frightened by the sound of our oars, and bearing away the luscious fruit. "Now, Captain, how can you be so cruel?" says our good-natured dominie, as our muddle-headed chieftain takes aim at the little native, "what is the use of shooting him—is there not room enough in the world for your huge carcass?" And so diverting his aim, the dominie winks at me, and I open a bottle of claret, as Master Jacko pops his head from behind the trunk of a mahogany tree, and grins an adieu to his would-be murderer. The banks grow still more open, and at last huge mountains are seen surrounding us on all sides, covered with the magnificent mahogany trees, and alive with the brilliant plumage of numberless paroquets.

The scenery was now positively sublime, and as we neared an Indian village named Gatún, about seven miles up the river, we determined to stop, rest our men, and have a look at the natives. And here I met with a mishap; for in stepping out of the boat upon what I supposed to be dry land, the treacherous black slime gave way with me, and I was up to my middle in a composition apparently composed of Day and Martin's blacking, soft soap, and that mysterious preparation denominated by plasterers *compo*. I did not feel at all comfortable while waiting for my comrades to pull me out, which, after laughing awhile, they did (and I came out with a *pop* like a ginger-beer cork); for, as this river swarms with alligators, and as these amiable Niobes have a fashion of making dirt-pies of themselves in the muddy banks, it was not improbable that they might have taken a fancy to me; in which case my only consolation would have been like Sidney Smith's to the missionary bishop, "That I should have disagreed with them."

I do not think the Indian village of Gatún likely ever to take any prominent position among the great cities of the world, as it consists entirely of huts made in the dirty bee-hive style, and the inhabitants devote themselves principally to hunting and pastoral pursuits—I mean such Arcadian delights as can be found in "The flocks shall leave the mountains" of each other's noddles. In costume they are exceedingly primitive—none but the elderly females wearing anything at all, and, as their principal diet is of a vegetable character, their figures assume very much the appearance of an orange with a couple of tobacco-pipes stuck in it. Well, after stopping long enough for me to scrape myself, and, giving some small silver coins to the little ones who begged for "little a pistareen para Muchacho, Caballeros," we again embark upon the Styx-like stream, where

our captain, who had been imprudently drinking on shore the fiery aguadiente of the country, annoyed our good Charon, the padrone, by giving similar doses to the boatmen; the consequence was that they became uncommonly facetious, and at last when, at nine o'clock, we arrived at a portion of the river called Dos Hermanos, where the stream begins to assume a rapid character, they positively refused to go any further without rest, so perforce we landed again; and here we saw the most enormous green turtle it is possible to imagine. It was lying on its back, and the flat yellow shell had been taken off. It was the most extraordinary waste of the raw material I ever beheld; for these poor devils, the natives, do not know how to cook it—simply heating the flesh upon the embers, and throwing the “delicious green fat” to the turkey buzzards. I am quite sure that the late respected Mr. Birch would have gone distracted with the idea, and very probably have drowned himself in the shell, which was quite large enough. I should mention, *en passant*, that these noble reptiles are caught outside the river's mouth upon the sandy beach, about four miles below Chagres, where they are very plentiful.

The first thing done by our boatmen was deliberately to scoop holes in a bank of sand that had been exposed all day to the sun, get in, cover themselves up, and in two minutes they were sound asleep, under the arrangement that they were to start again at midnight. We then took it by turns, four or five at a time, to wander on shore, first taking the precaution of leaving a good guard over our goods and chattels, as many boats were lying here while their passengers were emulating our example. Here we got some execrable coffee and tortillas, which are very much like those cakes that all children like to pat in their hands, and bake in the fire-shovel, when pies are being manufactured at home. At last midnight came, and with it came our captain, fearfully and wonderfully tipsy—the only man in that condition I am happy to say. It would be painful to linger over the shortcomings of a great man; but I feel it my duty as a faithful chronicler to say that he was then and there ignominiously deposed and put to sleep among the boxes to awake upon the morrow “a wiser and a smaller man.” Our boatmen rose instantly and cheerfully commenced their laborious ascent of the rapid river—which here does not admit of the use of the oar—by poling us up; which operation consists in starting from the bow of the boat and pushing against a pole with the chest, as the boatman strides from stem to stern. Our party now were very sleepy, and disposed themselves for a comfortable night's rest as best they could, covered with cloaks and coats to keep off the dew, which was now very heavy; but, as I feared to sleep in this heavy tropical moisture, I decided upon keeping the padrone company for the night, and I found him a very intelligent companion, possessing a great fund of exceedingly useful information; and, still better, he was a Freemason. I was induced to keep this night's watch, mainly in order that I might see the constellation of the Southern Cross, which all the poets, from Camoens downward, have raved so about, and which would be visible above the horizon about three in the morning. Well, it rose, and I saw it for the first time (oh! how many dreary nights since have I watched those four stars!), and cannot sufficiently express my disappointment. It has neither, size, form, brilliancy, nor equality of magnitude. In short, although some consideration might be made, consequent upon the nervousness incident to a first appearance, I must always look upon this much-belauded constellation as a humbug, a poetical myth, and unworthy the place it has taken among the poets.

Slowly and steadily the night passed away, enlivened by the light of the myriads of fire-flies and a sharp snapping of the jaws of the numerous alligators, whose constant proximity to the boat was quite a source of uneasiness to us; for my long friend from Illinois would insist upon putting those awful legs of his over the gunwale of the boat into the water; but owing to our perseverance, although I think he got several nibbles, there were no absolute bites. At about four o'clock the sun suddenly made his appearance, and (as is always the case in the tropics) we jumped from night to day without the intervening twilight. Breakfast was soon the cry, so out came the stores,

we landed, made a fire, brewed the coffee, and we had such a breakfast, enlivened by the society of some ladies, whose improvident husbands had neglected to provide any creature comforts, trusting to the tender mercies of the natives of the isthmus, in consequence of which the poor souls were nearly starved. While our boatmen, with the dominie in command, poled round a long curve in the river, the rest of the party walked across a kind of peninsula; the ground, which had been cleared for cultivation, was now alive with the mimosa sensitiva, which grew about knee-high, bearing a little lilac-coloured blossom, and whose leaves and secondary branches shrunk as we approached, and remained apparently dead, while our footsteps appeared to have carried desolation in their track.

In about an hour's walking we arrived at the opposite side of the peninsula, where, for the first time, we entered a rancho, or farm-house of the country. Now this rancho was built of wood, and of what wood do you think, gentle piano and cabinet-makers! None other than the best Spanish mahogany, simply dressed with the broad-axe, and without the sign of a plane. I saw as a door to a dilapidated stable a piece of wood that would, in veneers, have been of great value; but here it is so common that a bit of deal or white pine would be looked upon as a curiosity. Here we got fresh-laid eggs and Allsopp's pale ale, a great luxury in a warm climate.

Shortly the boat rounded the bend in the river, and the dominie appeared, most dreadfully sunburnt, and cramped from sitting in the boat. He soon recovered, with the aid of the pale ale and the delicate attentions of a Spanish lady without shoes or stockings and rather scanty drapery, whose *arrogance* seemed to alarm the good dominie. Indeed, he afterwards told me in confidence that he really believed she was no better than she should be, in which opinion (to his great satisfaction) I solemnly concurred.

From the time of our embarkation again until our arrival at Gorgona (where we were to rest and proceed on mule-back) nothing of importance occurred, and we got quite used to the iguanas and alligators—only shooting one or two by way of amusement, to which the dominie did not object, as he said they were *varmint*.

One curious sight I must mention. Upon a large dead mahogany tree, close to the side of the river, sat a large number of vultures (which, as most people know, are of a dingy blackish brown, with long red necks, that make them look like clean-shaven highlanders), and upon the top of the tree was a bird called by our padrone the king-vulture. He was perfectly white, and was evidently treated with great consideration by the rest of his court; now whether this bird is of a different breed, or merely an albino, or whether the vultures change his nature (as the bees do that of the queen), by stuffing him with any peculiar preparation of dead horse, I cannot say, but the padrone said that we were lucky in getting a glimpse of his majesty, as they were extremely scarce; and he told us some strange stories of the deference shown to him by the common vultures. And so beguiling the way by viewing the lovely scenery that surrounded us, ever changing, ever beautiful, we arrived at Gorgona at nine o'clock at night, our boatmen having, *sans intermission*, poled us up this rapid river without cessation for thirty-three hours, perfectly naked in a broiling sun, a species of labour that would have given the strongest European a *coup de soleil* in an hour. We had no sooner struck the beach, than with the glee of schoolboys just let loose, they shouldered our heavy trunks, and scampered like monkeys up the steep ascent to the village, where we found them in the large bar-room, grinning with delight as we came up the steep fuming with the heat; we gave them thirteen dollars over and above our agreement, as an encouragement for their good conduct, at which—if blessings were water-spouts—they showered enough of them upon our heads to have swept us into the Pacific, and away they went to the Monté table, where, I have no doubt, in an hour or two they were as penniless as when we took them at Chagres; however, they could not well starve for some weeks, for we left them provisions enough to set up a decent Italian warehouse or cook-shop. Our next care was then to see our luggage forwarded to Panama by pack-mules; this

done, to secure riding mules to start at daybreak, attempt to eat a supper of a kind of anatomical preparation of extremely antiquated horse (called, by courtesy, beef-steak), and turn in upon a canvass cot without any bedclothes, where we slept like tops till daybreak.

(To be continued.)

### M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSICAL ART.

THE concluding article of M. Fétis on this subject has appeared. The various special directions which musical talent may take are touched upon, and the preliminary observation is made, that, with the exception of Mozart, no composer has ever been known to impress the stamp of his genius on every class of production, from a serious opera to a *contre-danse*, and to lavish treasures of beauty both in vocal and instrumental music, after his powers had acquired their full development. Such an exception only the more completely proves the rule. Talent follows a particular bent according to the physiological organisation of the individual, and his moral characteristics; sometimes, also, according to his education, to certain habits contracted in youth, to the associations amidst which he has lived, or, lastly, to fortuitous circumstances. Painters and composers are frequently blind to their own destination, and only discover it through some unforeseen accident.

Sometimes, after obtaining success in one style, they imagine themselves capable of excelling in others, make the trial, and fail. Beethoven had reached the highest rank in instrumental music when he determined to compose an oratorio, and was only mediocre. He tried his powers in opera, and introduced many things of great beauty in *Fidelio*; but these beauties are not always suited to the stage, and were achieved with the greatest labour, the composer returning to his work at repeated intervals, suppressing some pieces, rewriting others entirely or in part, but never satisfying himself or realising his intentions, because he was deficient in the essential quality demanded by this style—namely, the instinct of stage effect, which is very distinct from dramatic feeling.\*

In contrast with this example is that of Méhul, whose talent for dramatic composition was of so high an order. Méhul commenced by writing sonatas for the piano, in which there was nothing to indicate the genius subsequently revealed. He composed symphonies at a time when his reputation was already spread throughout Europe, but in these coldly designed works there is not a spark of the creative fire with which the public were excited at the performance of *Joseph*, *Euphrosyne*, and *Ariodant*.†

In France the rarest sort of talent is that for instrumental music, in speaking of which, M. Fétis passes over in contempt what he designates the "wretched things" with which the world has been inundated within the last half century, and especially in quite recent days. That there should be light and trifling things written for people of the world and young ladies who regard music as a more or less disagreeable way of passing the time—all well and good! Such toys have no need of any encouragement; the world for which they are destined sufficiently appreciates them; but do not let us forget that in instrumental music, in symphonies, quartets, quintets, and trios the highest ideal aims of the art are asserted, and that next to church music no style is less influenced by fashion. Sensible as the French are to the beauties of this species of music, few artists have cultivated it; why it is so has been shown in previous articles. One French composer alone, the late Onslow,‡ devoted the greater part of his career to it, because, being in the enjoyment of a fortune more than sufficient

for his own wants and those of his family, he was not driven to take into consideration the question of revenue and means of livelihood from which so few artists can set themselves free. Onslow won for himself an honourable renown in this style of composition, and produced works of interest deficient only in originality. Amateurs—at the time there were any—played his music a good deal, and it is also held in much esteem in Germany. Quite recently a few young composers have tried their skill in quartets; but excepting those who, like Danciel, possess the talent of a violinist and can obtain a hearing for their works, they are obliged to keep them in their portfolios.

M. Fétis thinks there is certainly some way of remedying so unfortunate a state of affairs. He proposes that the directors of "conservatoires," and even the heads of branch schools in the provinces, should establish classes of quartettists, under the guidance of good professors, invested by their talents with the required authority. These classes would be joined as a matter of obligation by those students of the violin and violoncello who had acquired a certain skill, and were good readers. "Laureates" of the Institute, first prize-men in composition, artists already honorably distinguished; and as regards those who have not yet emerged from obscurity, those who can give a guarantee of their title by the production of a work recognised as meritorious by a competent committee, would enjoy the right to have their works executed in this class, and of explaining their intentions to the executants. Those producing the most satisfactory effect would be performed in public, and admittance to the performances might be by invitation. They would take place in summer, when the artists are not overwhelmed with the fatigue of concerts, *soirées*, rehearsals, and the labours of the winter season.

The same may be said with regard to symphonies. Several happy expedients have, it is true, been put into practice to facilitate the hearing of unpublished works, as in the *Société des St-Cécile*, and the association of young artists of the *Conservatoire*, directed by M. Padeloup; but it is impossible to overlook the fact that the object of these undertakings being the realisation of a profit, the fatal obligation is incurred of suiting the taste of the public, whose purses are aimed at. Now, it is an incontrovertible fact, that when the public pay, they will not run any risks with regard to the pleasure they are to receive. They demand security on this point, and names of celebrity are alone capable of affording it. In a given time, therefore, such enterprises must eventually diverge into the habitual errors to which all similar undertakings are subject. Performances to an invited audience can alone afford a guarantee against this necessary consequence, and an orchestra formed out of the body of a school, and subject to the regulations of a superior authority, could alone preserve its primitive character. In a conservatorium where the instrumental pupils are numerous, as in Paris and Brussels, a special orchestra might therefore be organised for the purpose of executing unpublished symphonies and overtures, and public assemblies for hearing them might take place in the summer, at intervals of a fortnight.

These, and the expedients described in former articles, M. Fétis confidently believes would infallibly furnish the means of satisfying that imperious necessity to all composers—the obtaining a hearing for their works—if they possess talent. Musicians are not so favourably situated in this respect as painters, to whom exhibition rooms frequented by hundreds of thousands are periodically open for the display of their productions, and who, if their works be of distinguished merit, are sure of realising large sums. The musician requires that his work be satisfactorily executed, and if his success be commensurate with his expectations the profit will be exactly 0. The only advantage he will have gained—an immense one no doubt—will be to have given token of the worth of his talent, and to have emerged at least from that obscurity which to an artist is the tomb.

M. Fétis then proceeds to notice another branch of his subject, and to inquire how music may be rescued from the degraded state into which he sees it has fallen. A first consideration that occurs is, the thoughtlessness with which the career is adopted without the urgent pressure of that powerful and conscious instinct which reveals genius innate. The career of a composer

\* With regard to the *Mount of Olives*, and still more emphatically with regard to *Fidelio*, we beg our readers to believe that we do not share the opinions of M. Fétis.—Ed.

† Here again we are inclined to differ from M. Fétis. We have often wished to hear Méhul's symphony in G minor at the Philharmonic Concerts.—Ed.

‡ Who was an Englishman!—Ed.



is taken up as one would take up that of a house-painter, in order to be of one trade or another. Let it be proclaimed for the benefit of those who commit this error that there is no worse profession in the world than that of music, even when nature has done her utmost. Let a man ask himself whether from earliest childhood he has felt a strange uplifting of the soul, a sense of actual beatitude at hearing certain combinations of sound, at feeling the sensation caused by certain qualities of sound? Has he passionately sought out every occasion for again feeling the same pleasure? Has he at a later period felt the impulse to procure the enjoyment himself by means of the first musical instrument he can lay hands on, without knowing how to set about it, and with inexhaustible patience feeling his way through repeated trials? Has he ever invented little melodies of some sort, which to him were fraught with charm ere he had even heard of music? Has he been able to read music, as it were, without having learned it, by rapid flashes revealing in a mysterious manner the whole mechanism of its notation? Has he had the idea of harmony without knowing the laws which govern the construction of a chord? Has he been racked with the desire to put forth ideas, to give them a shape and to score for the orchestra at an age when others have no thoughts beyond childish games? If he had felt and done all this, who can say whether he possesses genius or no? Nevertheless, such an indication of its existence permits M. Fétis to say to that man, "Work, apply yourself, by-and-by we shall see." If, on the contrary, such a revelation has not occurred, assiduity may make a more or less skilful musician, but there will be no prospect of his ever becoming a composer.

(To be continued.)

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday evening in last week, attracted one of the largest audiences we remember to have seen in Exeter Hall. Our anticipations are about to be realised. *Israel in Egypt* will soon be only second to the *Messiah* in popularity. The performance last year at the Crystal Palace has in a great measure led to this result; and now that the choir is undergoing so effective a training in rehearsals for the Handel Centenary Festival next year, we may reasonably look forward to as perfect an execution of Handel's grandest choral work as of any of the better known oratorios. The performance on Friday night was not perfect, but it was by far the best we have heard at Exeter Hall. Some of the choruses were as fine specimens of choral singing as we ever heard. We may cite "He gave them hailstones," "They loathed to drink," "The horse and his rider," "He spoke the word"—which, by the way, we heard in tune for the first time—and "Thy right hand, O Lord," as among the most successful efforts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The "Hailstone" Chorus was received with such a storm of applause as to make its repetition indispensable.

The principal vocalists have little room for display in this oratorio. The popular (and very long) duet for the basses, "The Lord is a man of war," if tolerably sung, is sure to create effect. Nor did it fail on the present occasion, interpreted by such vigorous "interpreters" as Messrs. Weiss and Thomas. The "encore," nevertheless, was not by any means unanimous, and should not have been accepted. "And the enemy said," was quite another thing. This spirited air was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves in such a manner as to produce a sensation unparalleled at Exeter Hall. It was a real *furor*, in which the whole band and chorus joined, and which, by its vehemence and continuance, fairly took the singer by surprise. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang more magnificently. The air besides being extremely difficult, —one of the most difficult of Handel's *bravura* songs for tenor—requires great power of voice, combined with a ready command of florid execution, and a breadth of style that few vocalists possess. Everything was found in the great English tenor. A more unanimous "encore," or one more richly earned, was never awarded to singer.

Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Banks and Miss Dolby were the other soloists. Miss Dolby acquitted herself admirably, singing both the *contralto* airs in the true Handelian style. "Their land

brought forth frogs," was given with the requisite simplicity of expression, and "Thou shalt bring them in" was equally good. The soprano part is very important, and, if Madame Rudersdorff would attempt less with it, she would probably accomplish more.

On Wednesday next, Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be performed.

BATH.—The last of the series of the first-class entertainments of the Bath Classical Concert Society came off on Wednesday. Unfortunately, in consequence of those who arranged the programme having put down for Mr. Sims Reeves about twice as much work as he had agreed for, great dissatisfaction was expressed at his not taking the tenor in Leslie's trio, "Oh memory," and singing other pieces to which his name was affixed. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, was entirely blameless in this affair. Many might say that Mr. Sims Reeves is paid well enough, and should not begrudge an extra song or two. But he is really paid his market value, and nothing more; for, considering the years of hard study and continuous labour he must have gone through, to acquire his indisputably pre-eminent position as a scientific musician and highly cultivated singer, if he received double or treble the present guerdon of his services from the public whom he delights, he would not be too liberally dealt with. Again, when we take into consideration the fact that he is called upon, nearly six nights in every week, to gratify audiences hundreds of miles apart, and to sing before them *volens volens*, in or out of condition, with an ease, delicacy, and finish that imply an intolerable amount of harassing labour, we are bound to extend to him our kindest consideration, and cannot complain at his refusal to perform more than he has bargained for. He was, on this occasion, the making of Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," F. Mori's "Who shall be fairest," &c., &c. Explanations were volunteered by Mr. B. Taylor and Mr. King, and after a while the dissatisfaction of the audience seemed to subside. The first appearance of Miss Kemble before a Bath audience was a matter of great interest. This young lady having but lately made her *début* in the metropolis, has not shaken off the nervousness common to first appearances. The *contretemps* of the present occasion tended to increase her trepidation, and we are, therefore, unable to form a judgment as to the extent of her abilities. We hope, ere long, to have the pleasure of hearing her under more favourable conditions. Miss Helen I. Taylor sang two of her father's compositions, Benedict's "Ange Adoré," &c. Beethoven's Grand Septuor—a part at the commencement of each section of the entertainment—was effectively rendered by Messrs. Blagrove, B. Taylor, Brooke, Hutchins, Mann, Waite, and Pratten. We believe this work has not been performed in Bath since the late Mr. Loder's last benefit concert. The other classical piece was the first movement of Hummel's Septet in D minor, by Messrs. W. O. Gibbs, Blagrove, Rockstro, Nicholson, Mann, Waite, and Pratten—performed in excellent style. Since writing the above, we have received from Mr. R. King an explanation on behalf of the committee. It is quite enough to say that Mr. Sims Reeves is freed from all blame, and is acknowledged to have invariably fulfilled his engagements with the committee faithfully and honorably. The conductor, in his anxiety to please subscribers, had added two songs in Mr. Sims Reeves's name, without his knowledge. Mr. Reeves objected as soon as he was aware of the fact, and the committee, on hearing this, were about to reprint the programmes and books of the words; but, as they were already circulated, they could not be withdrawn.

—Bath Paper.

BUST OF LESUEUR.—The foyer of the Grand Opera of Paris lately received an accession to its gallery of illustrious composers in the bust of Lesueur, author of the *Bardes* and *La Caverne*, and master of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Hector Berlioz, Charles Gounod, &c., &c. Lesueur was born at Plessy, a small village near Abbeville, where his statue in bronze has for many years adorned one of the principal places of the town. The complete works of the composer have been presented by his widow to the city of Abbeville, and are deposited in the communal library.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC BATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, May 1, the performance will commence with the new comédietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 1, the performance will commence with the popular drama of LIKE AND UNLIKE. After which, the grand oriental spectacular operatic drama, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c., called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD. To conclude with a new and original domestic sketch, entitled WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—CARLO ANDREOLETTI, Physician to the Court of Turin, will have the honour of giving THREE SOIREE'S OF MYSTICAL ILLUSIONS of a novel description, without the aid of apparatus, at the above Theatre, on Monday, May 3, Wednesday, May 5, and Friday, May 7; commencing at Eight o'clock. Tickets to be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE: SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Henry Marston, and Miss Atkinson every evening. On Monday, MACBETH. On Tuesday, THE WINTER'S TALE. On Wednesday, STRANGER. On Thursday, VIRGINIUS. On Friday, EVADNE; OR, THE HALL OF STATUES. On Saturday, a Play, and, for the first time, THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, in which Miss Rebecca Isaacs will perform. To conclude with OUR NELLY. Nelly, Miss Rebecca Isaacs. No advance in the prices.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ALEXANDER WATT.—We cannot enter into such discussions. Were we to make an exception, our columns would be filled with them every week.

M. FERDINAND STRAUSS.—The communication of our correspondent is an advertisement.

AN ADMIRER OF DUSSEK'S GENIUS.—Dussek died in 1812. His last great sonata was L'Invocation (Op. 77), printed in Paris. Professor Bennett has performed it in public.

C. G. S. Many thanks for the polite offer of our correspondent, which, nevertheless, we are compelled respectfully to decline.

## BIRTH.

On the 25th of April, at Lavender-hill, the wife of Charles Locket, Esq., of a son.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 1ST, 1858.

THE greatest curiosity was excited at the recent *soirée* of Miss Arabella Goddard by the fact of Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* and Dussek's *Plus Ultra* being both included in her programme. Each of these sonatas possesses extraordinary merit, and each is a genuine example of its composer's manner. The whole soul of Dussek (an enthusiastic musician if there ever was one) is evident, as we have more than once insisted, in the *Plus Ultra*, which is more crowded with perfectly original ideas than perhaps any other composition for pianoforte solus not included in the repertory of the unequalled Beethoven. The genius of Woelfl was of a less ardent and poetical turn. Nevertheless, he was a master,\* and the *allegro* of his sonata is as symmetrically planned and as skilfully carried out as though it had fallen from the pen of Mozart himself. The variations on "Life let us cherish," so unlike in character to what precedes them, demand a word or two of explanation.

\* The pianoforte sonata in C minor alone would establish this.

In Woelfl's time (which was the early time of Beethoven—the time of Dussek and Steibelt, and our unfortunate English Pinto) there was a number of composers of the Abbé Gelinek and Von Esch tribe, who wrote pianoforte works for display with as little regard for true musical beauty as certain modern *virtuosi* who need not be designated by name. They enjoyed, too, like their successors, a degree of popularity far beyond their deserts, to the detriment of more earnest labourers in the field of art. Their compositions were on every pianoforte, and their influence was highly prejudicial to the taste of amateur performers, besides offering facilities for charlatans to exhibit their flimsy talent at the expense of their betters, who would neither stoop to write, nor consent to promulgate, such empty *tours de force*. Joseph Woelfl, one of the sturdiest upholders of music in its purity, was naturally among those most indignant at the progress made by players, composers, and teachers, whom he knew to be nothing better than impostors. Each fashionable professor paraded one or two airs with variations, which, having composed himself and got into his fingers, he would force on the attention of his pupils. By these means the sonatas and other works of the great masters gradually became neglected; the music of Mozart, Clementi, and Dussek—still more that of Bach and Handel—went into disuse, and Steibelt himself, one of the sterling men of his time, began to minister to the fashion of the hour, and, gifted with just as much fluency as genius, rivalled the Von Eschs of the day, contrary to the real musical instincts of his nature. (At this period, Beethoven was producing his earlier compositions in rapid succession, and by the irresistible example of his pianoforte sonatas sustaining the good cause in another part of Europe.) Woelfl, in vain opposing the strong tide of popular caprice, at last hit upon an expedient which he thought might somehow mend the matter, and help to bring about a better state of things. Inwardly conscious that he could write display-pieces with a great deal more facility than any of the pretenders who were fast destroying the taste for pure and healthy music, and perform them with an equal superiority, he resolved to give the fashionable world a test of his ability. His fame was European, and he enjoyed the most distinguished position as a teacher. Thus his influence was considerable, and he had only to feign adherence to the prevalent style to swamp all his competitors. The *Ne Plus Ultra* was the fruit of his new resolve. Unable, however, to yield so gracefully to the breeze as his suppler contemporary, Daniel Steibelt, our more vigorous and unbending musician began his new work with a stately *adagio*, followed by an *allegro* solidly built on those principles which are the foundation of art, and with which art itself must perish. Having thus proved that he was still Joseph Woelfl, he immediately set about the rest, which was at once to propitiate the false idol of the period and arrest the triumphs of its worshippers. A short *andante*, the air "Life let us cherish," and the variations constructed upon it, constituted the rest of the sonata.

These variations alone would show Woelfl to be a man of genius, since, though the offspring of a momentary caprice, they are a prophecy of Henri Herz, who formed his style upon them, and reproduced them in a hundred shapes, until he had exhausted all that could be squeezed out of them. When he abandoned the variations of Woelfl, Herz was no longer Herz, but one of the thousand phantoms of Sigismund Thalberg.

Well—the publisher of Woelfl's music, a bit of a *dilettante* himself, was terrified when he had glanced at the manuscript,



He might have exclaimed, "Awast!"—and so have foreshadowed a molecule of the *cosmos* of Dickens, as Woelfl had foreshadowed the entire *cosmos* of Herz. Not so lucky, however, as to immortalise himself by an interjection, all the publisher said was—"Why, who the deuce can play it?" "I will it blay"—replied Woelfl, in Handelian English. "Yes—but you wont buy the copies. No one but yourself, or Dussek, can play the *allegro*—and I doubt if either of you can master the variations." Woelfl sat down to the instrument (a cracked old harpsichord) and convinced the worthy publisher of his error. Not only was he convinced, but enchanted. "But what shall we call it?" he inquired. "Call it *NE PLUS ULTRA*"—said Woelfl, rubbing his hands with innate satisfaction. "Now shall we see if Herr Von Esch will more blay, or Herr Bomdenbo\* make de variation." And *Ne Plus Ultra* was consigned to the hands of the publisher.

The effect produced by the new sonata, and especially by the variations, which (as Woelfl had suspected) were soon separated from the *allegro*, and published alone, was extraordinary. The work was eagerly bought, and, to the confusion of several professors of high repute, whose incompetency had previously escaped detection, was placed before them by their pupils with a very urgent request to hear it played. All sorts of shifts and evasions were resorted to in order to avoid going through such an ordeal; but in vain. Woelfl performed the *Ne Plus Ultra* at a concert, and with such brilliant success, that it became the fashionable piece from that moment. Not only did he by these means obtain what he had contemplated, in the discomfiture of those shallow practitioners who had endeavoured to depreciate his worth, but what he had not contemplated—the transfer of their pupils. True to his art, however, he would never consent to give lessons on the variations until the *allegro* had been studied. "Dat is good"—he would say—"it will help to digest de variation."

The history of Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, how it came to be so entitled, and how it was dedicated to *Ne Plus Ultra*, has been told. It is certainly a work of far greater genius, and for style and expression more difficult to perform effectively than its rival and predecessor. Nevertheless, both deserve the attention of connoisseurs. The musical public are much indebted to Miss Arabella Goddard for rescuing such interesting compositions from oblivion, and endowing them with new life and popularity through the medium of her very refined and artistic performances. The most hidden recesses of the classic library have not eluded the searching eye of this truly accomplished lady.

In the Homeric hymn to Hermes (which was *not* written by Homer,) there is a very pleasant account of the invention of the lute, by the ingenious deity to whom the poem is addressed. We will repeat this story, and when we speak in verse, our words will be those of old George Chapman, the whole of whose translations, edited by Richard Hooper, M.A., F.S.A., are published in a dainty form, by John Russell Smith, of Soho-square London.

[As many of our readers are doubtless of opinion that this is a puff, we inform them that their opinion is perfectly correct. We are highly delighted with the "Library of Old Authors," published by John Russell Smith, and we take this opportunity of giving it a lift.]

The little Hermes, being scarcely a day old, displayed his precocity by stealing the oxen of the sun, near the cave where the cattle were kept,—but let the poet sing:

\* Bomtempo—a very popular composer of the time.

"Near the cave's inmost coverture did lurk  
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,  
Leisurely moving."

The ugly form of the tortoise displeased the fine sense of the baby-god; but, nevertheless, he smiled, for he felt that a new opportunity for exercising his own power was presented. He knew very well that he

"Could convert  
To profitabest uses all desert  
That nature had in any work convey'd."

And he saw in the tortoise a promising raw material. So he said:

"Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use,  
Which thy ill-form shall never so seduce  
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it,  
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit."

[The last line, by the way, may cause a reader or two to surmise that the god's mode of expressing his views occasionally bordered on the obscure.]

The poet has not told us whether the tortoise liked to be killed; but that Hermes thought he was conferring an immense favour by putting an end to the animal's slow, tortoise-like existence, and converting it into a lute, may be gathered from this burst of gratulation addressed by him to the highly honoured victim:

"All joy to the kind  
Instinct of nature in thee born to be  
The spiriter of dancers, company  
For feasts, and following banquets, graced and blest  
For bearing light to all the interest  
Claim'd in this instrument!"

Life, in the case of the tortoise, was, according to the opinion of Hermes, a decided disadvantage, for he went on thus:—

"Certainly thy virtue shall be known  
'Gainst great-ill-causing incantation,  
To serve us for a lance or amulet.  
And where in comfort of thy vital heat  
Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd for song,  
Expos'd by nature, after death more strong,  
Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command  
Song infinite sweeter."

We may infer, from this, that the tortoise did sing a little, even in the days of its dull life. It must have been, however, an ineffective sort of strain, like that of a vocalist imprisoned in the dreary recess of St. James's Hall. And here's a treat for every reader of poetical mind! A minute account of the manner in which the tortoise-carcase was fashioned into the soul-breathing lute:—

"With either hand  
He took it up, and instantly took flight  
Back to his cave with that his home-delight,  
Where (giving to the mountain-tortoise vents  
Of life and motion) with fit instruments  
Forged of bright steel he straight informed a lute,  
Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit  
He made of splitted quills, in equal space  
Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace  
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins  
T' extend and ease the string) he put in pins.  
Seven strings of several tunes he then applied,  
Made of the entrails of a sheep well dried,  
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did provide  
A case for all, made of an ox's hide;  
Out of his counsel to preserve as well  
As to create."

[Confess it in a whisper, gentle reader, you don't like this very much—this long bit about "splitted quills" and "gins," and "pins," and "strings," and "entrails," and you think that if Homer himself could nod a little, the Homeride is

here actually snoring, and palming off his snore as delightful melody. But you are a mere blockhead if you don't admire the passage which follows, and which, omitting this bracketed comment, and glueing together the parts of the broken lines, you must fit on to the above.]

"And all this action fell  
Into an instant consequence. His word  
And work had individual accord,  
All being as swiftly to perfection brought  
As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought,  
Whose mind ere cuts in an infinity  
Of varied parts or passions instantly,  
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye."

The important fact in this story is, that the instrument is invented by the god, not of music, but of oratory. Hence, although the lute would seem to have its proper place in some corner of the musical arsenal—as we keep arquebuses, pikes, chain-armour, and the like, in the Tower—it is quite clear that it here represents a heavy, lumpish, material turned into a thing of beauty by the power of eloquence.

The creations of the gods are durable, and our readers must not suppose that the lute of Hermes perished in the mythical days. No—the lute passed on from hand to hand—from generation to generation—frequently modified in its form, but never losing its identity. At last, fashioned into a guitar, it became the property of a little girl, named Elisa Félix, who sang about the streets of Paris. For a while this little girl fancied that the guitar was, as it appeared, a musical instrument, and that her own talent was musical; but in process of time, it was revealed to her, that she was the god Hermes, in female shape, and that the guitar was the symbol of her true vocation. A change of sex was not new to the habits of Olympus. Zeus assumed the form of Artemis to woo Calisto; Apollo, enamoured of Leucothoë, put on the semblance of her mother.

About the time that her hitherto latent divinity was revealed to her, the damsel dropped the appellation of Elisa Félix, and took that of Rachel. Under this new name she performed a work of precisely the same kind that she had wrought when wandering about, a baby-god, on the heights of Cyllene. She found certain slow things, creeping lifelessly about the boards of the Théâtre Français, and feebly proclaiming, in Alexandrian verse, that they were classical tragedies. Pitying their inglorious condition, and perceiving that they could be converted to nobler uses, she breathed her own soul into them, and they charmed the civilised world. Open the *Horace* of Corneille, read the part of Camille, and you will find the very dullest fragment of tortoise-shell; look—but no, alas, that is no longer possible—remember that you have looked at the Camille of Rachel, and you will find it was one of the most sonorous and heart-stirring chords of the Hermetic lute.

Well, the God Hermes having cast aside his last earthly form, and returned to his Olympus, left the lute in the ancient city of Lutetia. Of course those whom he had honoured with his consanguinity during his sojourn on earth eagerly seized upon the relic, and treasured it up in a sacred shrine, resolved never more to part with it, till some new form of Hermes, or, at any rate, some divinely-commissioned person, should appear and claim the precious deposit as a right. No, they did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, they perpetrated a sin of omission, so deep in eye, that epithets of vituperation cannot heighten the disgust which must necessarily be felt by every right-minded person who

reads this plain record of the hideous delinquency here cited from a contemporary journal:—\*

"A melancholy memento of the force of family affection was brought into the market 'of sale and barter' the other day at Paris. This was an old guitar, ticketed as the very instrument with which little Rachel, when known as Elisa-Félix, had been used to go round in the days of her poverty as a street-singer. When the magnificent fortune which the gifted actress left behind her is recollected, the abandonment of such a relic as this claims only one epithet."

The family of Rachel, enriched by the genius of Rachel, allowed the guitar of Rachel to be sold. This was a crime which even the great *tragédienne* herself could not have made a source of interest. Sophocles, who took an ulcerous foot for the subject of one of his finest plays, could not have exalted this moral dirtiness. Vile fact, that no lever of idealism can lift into respectable insignificance.

No wonder that gods visit the earth but seldom, when they are treated in such scurvy fashion by their mortal kindred. We have no doubt that Minos took a horn from the carcase of the bull once inhabited by his father Zeus, and sold it to an economical inhabitant of ancient Caledonia, who wanted it for a Scotch mull. We veritably believe that a particle of the golden shower, wherein Zeus visited Danaë, was picked up by their son Perseus, and afterwards changed by that hero for current coin of the realm he happened to be in. Epaphus, too, thought himself very hardly used because his mother, Io, had been wooed by Zeus in the shape of a cloud—an utterly unmarketable commodity.

Snatch up your guitar, oh Hermes, into the heavens, place it next to "Lyra," and guard it from further profanation till you honour weak mortals with another visit, to be once more treated with base ingratitude.

ALL who recollect the manifold delights, the exquisite conceits, the side-shaking pleasantries and far-shining glories of the "amateur pantomime" will find the brightest place in their memories occupied by the comfortable figure of Mr. Joseph Robins—psha! "Joe Robins," the Clown. That amateur pantomime was a joyous thing. It began its career, a chubby infant, at the Olympic Theatre, in the early part of 1855, and then displayed such wondrous precocity, while kicking, cuffling, and tumbling, for the benefit of a literary gentleman, now peacefully reposing from his earthly toils, that the Queen herself desired to see its gambols, and Drury Lane became the field for its more extended exertions. Great was the noise it made as *Guy Fawkes*, so great, indeed, that when the "fun" was over, it found a quiet life insupportable, so, after about a year of inglorious repose, it again rushed to Drury Lane, with the new name of *William Tell*, and there once more did it frolic amidst the plaudits of a wondering multitude, till it became surfeited with the honours bestowed on it, and resolved to retire like Charles V, in the plenitude of its power.

The pantomime, then, is defunct in its corporate capacity, but its constituents are still in existence, and some of them are about to meet again for a new and worthy object. Joe Robins, who was the central figure of the mirthful assembly, has now, in consequence of commercial misfortunes, adopted the stage as a profession, and his friends have determined to give him a London benefit. The brothers, Albert and Arthur Smith are "getting up" the affair with the zeal that ever distinguishes them, when they are engaged in a work of benevolence. Several of the amateurs, who still, in private theatrical circles, maintain the reputation they acquired in the pantomime—the polished Wray, the accomplished Holmes,

\* *Athenæum*.

and others of the same galaxy, have determined to shine with unwonted lustre for the benefit of the facetious Joe. Miss Dolby, Brinley Richards, the "Keeleys" (Mary included), have likewise responded to the call. Mr. Sorrel has written for the occasion a version of *Les Deux Aveugles*, in which, as well as in the *Spitalfields Weaver*, Joe Robins will himself appear, and the rear will be showily brought up by those most popular musicians, the "Christy Minstrels." The best of clowns, and the best of good fellows thus finds that the fable of the "Hare and many Friends" does not admit of universal application.

**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT LIVERPOOL.**—The great "hit" of the subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday evening, was the truly wonderful playing of Miss Arabella Goddard, a young *artiste* of whom England may well be proud, and in comparison with whom the new school of unintelligible pianists are, in the language of the turf, "nowhere." Much as we expected from Miss Goddard, from the recollection of previous performances and the unanimous eulogiums of the metropolitan critics during the present season, our anticipations were more than realised, both in Hummel's concerto in A flat, and Thalberg's fantasia on airs from *Masaniello*. Each of these pieces, so different in their peculiar styles, was played to perfection from memory, the former displaying a degree of expression and chastity which was in admirable contrast to Thalberg's composition. In each the fair pianist was quite at home; the ease and self-possession with which she vanquished the difficulties with which Thalberg has studded his composition, being only equalled by Alboni's singing of "Non più mesta," both artistes being remarkable for that perfection of expression and execution and absence of effort which is so rare and so charming. We never heard a pianist create so great and so unanimous a sensation as Miss Goddard on this occasion—a triumph the more meritorious, inasmuch as instrumental performers are generally kept in the background by vocalists at provincial concerts. We are sure we echo the unanimous wish of the whole audience in hoping that Miss Goddard will soon pay us another visit.—*Liverpool Times*.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.**—The annual concert, in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians, took place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the *Messiah* was performed under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The band and chorus, selected from the best sources, were complete and powerful, and numbered four hundred performers. The principal vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Benson, Thomas, Winn, and Weiss. The Hall was filled by a brilliant and aristocratic audience, and the performance went off with *éclat*. There were no encores.

**LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—(From a Correspondent).—Professor Sterndale Bennett, the Festival conductor elect, will visit Leeds on Monday next, for the purpose of arranging the oratorios to be performed, the principal singers to be engaged, &c. The British Association meetings are fixed to commence on Wednesday, Sept. 22nd; and it is confidently anticipated that the Festival will now precede the Association gatherings. This will be decided in a few days. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society gave its annual grand concert in the Music Hall on Thursday week. In addition to the full chorus of the Society, there were engaged Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Newbound, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Randegger. Mr. Spark, musical director of the society, conducted. Several choruses, madrigals, and part-songs were admirably given by the members, and the solos were highly successful. Hatton's *Robin Hood* was sung in the second part. Mr. Spark played a pianoforte solo with great taste. The concert gave satisfaction, but the proceeds were not sufficient to please the committee.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Carlo Andreoletti, an Italian conjurer of great reputation, is announced for three performances next week, under the auspices of Mr. Mitchell, commencing on Monday week.

#### MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

THE second performance, on Wednesday evening, attracted another brilliant assembly of "fashionables" and connoisseurs to Willis's Rooms, who were treated (as Miss Goddard invariably treats her patrons) to an intellectual entertainment of the highest interest and most *recherché* character. We subjoin the programme:—

##### PART I.

Sonata Duo in A—pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 32) W. S. Bennett  
Miss Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti.  
Grand Sonata in F—"Ne plus ultra" ... Woelfl.  
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.  
Preludio con Fuga, in A minor—à la Tarantella (by desire) J. S. Bach.  
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.

##### PART II.

Grand Sonata in A flat, "Plus ultra" (Op. 71) ... Dussek.  
Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.  
Grand Quartet, in B minor—pianoforte, violin, viola,  
and violoncello ... Mendelssohn.  
Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sinton, Herr Goffrie, and Sig. Piatti.

Of Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* we have spoken in another column. The *Plus Ultra* of Dussek was commented on at length in a notice of one of the series of concerts held by Miss Goddard at her own residence, when she performed it with such extraordinary success that to repeat it at a future *soirée* was indispensable. To present them both on the same evening was a happy idea. The audience were enabled to compare them, and to select one or the other in preference. Both were played to perfection by Miss Goddard—with a *finesse* (to employ a French word for which our language yields no equivalent), an *esprit* (to use another, which enjoys a similar monopoly), and a *humour* (let our lively neighbours translate that if they can), that added indefinable charm to the energy, expression, and unflinching mechanism for which her playing is so eminently distinguished. Both sonatas delighted all hearers. In the *allegro* of the *Ne Plus Ultra*, which abounds in passages of double-notes to perplex the most ready and expert executant, there was ample room for the display of that facility admitting of no obstacles, which is one of Miss Goddard's most enviable gifts. The variations were listened to with breathless attention; and as one after the other was performed with easy grace and well-sustained fluency, subdued murmurs of pleasure and surprise testified to the extreme satisfaction of the audience. But the greatest musical treat was certainly Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, which Miss Goddard played even more admirably than when she first essayed it. The passionate expression infused into the first movement, in many passages appearing like a prophecy of Weber (although the music generally is more "cunning" than that which Weber made for the piano)—the dignified and unaffected feeling with which the slow movement (pure Dussek) was delivered; the quaint, and at the same time unaffected sentiment that characterised the performance of the *minuet* and *trio*, (a foreshadowing of Chopin—only healthier than Chopin ever was), and the sparkling animation characterising from end to end the execution of the *finale* (one of Dussek's most genial inspirations—and which, but that Hummel, though more learned, was rarely so spontaneous, might be regarded as another prophecy of him) were one and all beyond praise. No wonder that such lovely music, executed with such faultless accuracy, accompanied by such exquisite taste, should meet with enthusiastic appreciation. Dussek's *Plus Ultra* is truly one of Miss Goddard's most admirable performances.

Of the marvellous Prelude and Fugue of Bach, and its no less marvellous execution by our young English pianist, we have spoken frequently. This was the fourth time Miss Goddard had introduced it in public, and every time it is "interpreted" by her, its merits are rendered more apparent. As much may be suggested, in fewer words, of Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor, a work of genius anyhow, but a prodigy when it is remembered at what an early age it was written. M. Sinton, (the prince of French violinists), Herr Goffrie (who plays tenor quite as well as he does violin), and Signor Piatti (the greatest living performer on the violoncello), aided Miss Goddard with considerable zeal and ability; and, perhaps, never did the quartet create a more profound sensation.



Professor Sterndale Bennett's very beautiful and masterly sonata, for piano and violoncello, with which the concert worthily began, was magnificently played by Miss Goddard and Signor Piatti. Every movement seemed to please, and as the work advanced, the interest of the audience evidently increased—a strong certificate of its excellence. It was the first time Miss Goddard had essayed this sonata, and its success was so great, that we are pretty well assured it will not be the last. The applause at the conclusion was a fitting tribute to the merits both of the composer and the executants.

At the third and last *soirée*, Weber's sonata in E minor will be played, for the first time, in public; and in addition to this interesting novelty, Miss Goddard will perform, for the fourth time, the grand sonata of Beethoven, Op. 106. Thus the end will be worthy of the beginning.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE second concert for the present season was one of the most brilliant ever given by the Philharmonic Society, and one of the best attended. The first appearance of the admirable violinist, Herr Joseph Joachim, after an interval of six years, was an event of the highest interest, and no doubt had a beneficial influence on the sale of extra tickets. The whole performance, however, was satisfactory, and how excellent was the programme, the following will show:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia in A major	...	...	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Aria—"Non mi dir"	...	Madame Castellan	Mozart.
Recit. and Romanza—"O lieti di"	...	Signor Belletti	
(L'Etoile du Nord)	...	...	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, violin—Herr Joachim	...	...	Beethoven.
PART II.			
Sinfonia Pastorale	...	...	Beethoven.
Duet—"Come frenar"	...	Mad. Castellan and Sig. Belletti	Rossini.
Sonata in G minor—violin, Herr Joachim—piano forte,	...	Professor Bennett	Tartini.
Overture—"Der Alchymist"	...	...	Spohr.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.			

The event of the evening was Herr Joseph Joachim's superlatively fine performance of the violin concerto of Beethoven, which created a degree of enthusiasm almost unparalleled. In 1844, when only thirteen years of age, Joachim made his first appearance in England, at these concerts, and astonished every one by his wonderful execution of this same concerto. The twelve years which have elapsed have ripened the genial boy into the reflecting man. Genius is as evident now as it was then in his performance; but it is genius enlightened by experience, and strengthened by an unflinching command of natural resources such as have been granted to very few. Herr Joachim has done well by his art. He has made it a serious and unremitting pursuit, a beloved and engrossing object, and has penetrated into its secrets with all the ardour of a devotee. The goal is reached, the reward obtained. Herr Joachim is now a great artist, in the fullest acceptance of the term; and as such all Europe has acknowledged him.

Herr Joachim's reading of the concerto was as classical and pure as his execution was faultless. The fiddle of the young artist was the voice of Beethoven, uttering strains of immortal song. What Beethoven wished expressed with energy was brought out in splendid relief, and what he wished subordinate became subordinate. Herr Joachim's discretion is not the least remarkable of his qualities. He possesses the art, so rare among first-class executants, of accompanying the orchestra, even in *bravura*, wherever the composer has intended it. Whenever a melody is allotted to the orchestra, Herr Joachim subdues his passages, so as to give them no more than their due prominence. *Virtuosi* do not generally like being made subservient to the general effect—thinking the display of the solo everything, and the design of the composer nothing. But Herr Joachim is not of these. True, he is a *virtuoso*, but a *virtuoso* of a very uncommon class. We have heard few things grander than his delivery of the *allegro*, more eloquent than his whole conception of the slow movement, more vigorous,

unaffected, and pointed than his execution of the rustic *finale*—so often spoiled by too great familiarity, but now made to appear as graceful as enlivening through the thoroughly pure conception and delicate colouring of this able, conscientious, and gifted artist. The "cadenzas" were both admirable; the first a marvel of dexterity, and thoroughly in keeping with the work in which it was introduced. Not to enter into technical descriptions, we may single out a rapid descending scale of octaves, as a mechanical feat of singular boldness, and an example of perfect double-stopping which we have never heard surpassed.

So extraordinary a performance could not fail to make an impression. Herr Joachim's triumph was complete. He had exhibited the highest artistic qualities united to a veneration for the music entrusted to his care, which never allowed him to obtrude himself at its expense. We were listening to Beethoven the whole time; and only at the conclusion of each movement did a sense of the distinguished merits of his young and ardent interpreter declare itself in rapturous cheers and plaudits from all parts of the room. It was a triumph—nothing less.

As an executive display—uniting almost every perfection of "virtuosity," from the perfect phrase to the perfect trill or shake—Tartini's sonata in G minor (with the so-called "*Trillo del Diavolo*") was quite as worthy commendation as the concerto of Beethoven. We mean, of course, as far as Herr Joachim was concerned, since there is about as long an interval between the music of Tartini and the music of Beethoven as between the beauty of Venus and that of the "pig-faced lady." Nevertheless, the theme of Tartini's sonata is expressive, and all that its expression could convey was expressed to perfection by Herr Joachim. For the rest we own, with deference, that we do not care greatly.

The two symphonies—masterpieces both—were superbly played under the direction of Professor Bennett, who is rapidly bringing back the orchestra to its ancient pre-eminence among the orchestras of England. Equally welcome was Spohr's glorious overture to *The Alchemist*, which was, however, much too good to play the audience out, and the more especially since it is so seldom heard. By the way, the subscribers have some right to complain of being deprived of one of the accustomed two overtures. Signor Tartini's dream of a devil of a shake is all very well in its way; but the overture to *Zauberflöte*, *Egmont*, or the *Isles of Fingal*, would have been far preferable.

What vocal music was given may be seen by reference to the programme. Why any vocal music at these essentially instrumental concerts, we never could well understand. It must cost the society a great deal; but we can assure the directors that their patrons care very little for hearing Italian songs and duets (especially duets with the best passages omitted—like that from *La Gazza Ladra* on Monday) after Beethoven's symphonies.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Concert of Saturday last calls for no special remarks the only novelty being the introduction of a new *prima donna*. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "Les Deux Journées"—Cherubini. Song, "The Recognition"—Proch. Concerto in G minor, piano forte—Mendelssohn. Cavatina, "Perche non ho"—Donizetti. Violoncello solo—Serrais. Symphony in A, No. 7—Beethoven. Ballad—John Barnett. Piano-forte solo—Kullak. Song, "The Three Ages of Love"—Loder. Marche Marocaine—De Meyer.

Neither band nor singers were heard to advantage, the alterations in the Concert-room made for to-day's festival entirely destroying its hearing properties. The pianos in Mendelssohn's Concerto—as far as we could hear, well played by Mr. W. G. Cusins—were not audible ten seats off. The vocalists were in the same predicament; and Madame Liza Haynes—the lady who created so decided a sensation at the last Shrewsbury Philharmonic Concert—had to appear before a London audience, for the first time, under serious disadvantages. Nevertheless, Madame Haynes's talents are incontestable. She gave the cavatina, from *Lucia*, with much fluency, and sang Mr. John Barnett's expressive ballad with appropriate taste and feeling. Mr. Thomas afforded great satisfaction in his two songs, Loder's especially.

We should like to have said more of the performance of Beethoven's Symphony; but the sound from the orchestra was completely absorbed, and no effect produced.

Mr. Daubert seemed to execute the violincello solo; but seriously, although seated within the Concert-room, we could hardly catch a note.

To-day, the season opens with a grand concert, in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Dolby, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, and Mr. Weiss, are engaged.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* introduced Madlle. Piccolomini in the part of Maria, her conception of which differs from that of all her predecessors, and as it indicates more of the camp than of the drawing-room, may be said to be more true to nature, if not so interesting. Her best vocal achievement is "Convien partir," when the *Vivandière* takes leave of her old companions, and which, for tenderness and expression, cannot be surpassed.

Signor Belart made a capital Tonio, and was encored in the song in the first act. Signor Belletti's Serjeant Sulpizio was full of bustle, if not instinct with comedy.

Madlle. Pocchini appeared afterwards in *Calisto*.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended the performance on Tuesday; the attraction, of course, being Madlle. Titiens in *Valentine*.

Madlle. Pocchini again appeared in *Calisto*.

On Thursday the *Huguenots*—and Madlle. Pocchini in *Calisto*. To-night Madlle. Piccolomini in *La Traviata*, and Madlle. Pocchini in a new ballet, entitled *Fleur des Champs*, invented by M. Massot, and the music composed by M. Nadaud.

On Tuesday Albani makes her first appearance for the season, as Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*, and Madlle. Titiens her second essay in *Leonora*, a part said to be one of the most striking in her repertory. A new barytone, Signor Mattioli, makes his *début* as the Count di Luna, and Signor Giuglini, of course, will sustain the part of Manrico.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE opening of the new theatre is positively announced for Saturday, the 15th, with the *Huguenots*. The utmost exertions are being made to keep faith with the public, and there is no doubt that the first performance will take place at the specified time.

MADAME SZARVADY (Wilhelmine Clauss) has arrived in London.

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Long I've watch'd each rare perfection,  
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,  
Till respect became affection,  
Such as that I offer now.  
If you love me, and will have me,  
True I'll be in weal and woe;  
If in proud disdain you leave me,  
For a soldier I will go.

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